The Very Bad Day

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The Very Bad Day

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

Young Will Graham and his much older best friend, Hannibal Lecter, have been inseparable since the day they first met. It all falls apart, however, when the other children convince Will that Hannibal is only a figment of his imagination. This is unacceptable for ghost Hannibal who spends the next nine years trying to prove them wrong. To do so he may or may not enlist the help of Freddie Lounds and Mason Verger using methods of blackmail, fear induction and torture.

Notes

Hi, this is my first fan fiction ever and I'm still getting used to the website so I apologize if the formatting and stuff is a little weird.

Imaginary Friends

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Baltimore Primary School was filled with a variety of interesting and unique children but the most quirky child of all would have to be Will Graham. The young boy never interacted with the other children or teachers. He lived immersed in his own little bubble with his imaginary friend, Hannibal Lecter. At first, the teachers had found Will's dependence on this fictional creation quite cute and endearing. However, as the years passed and Will showed no sign of moving on from this childish phase, they began to worry. Perhaps their worry stemmed from an innate part of their biology, their instincts warning them of a threat. They were right to be wary for Hannibal Lecter was no imaginary friend, but rather something else entirely.

"My imaginary friend is a dragon." A young Jack Crawford boasted as he kicked his little legs, propelling himself on the swing set he sat on. "He acts all big and scary but deep down he's a softie."

"Well, mine is a delicate fairy named Margot." Alana Bloom said as she picked up a daisy and studied it. "She's so pretty and sparkles in the moonlight."

"How boring and simple." Mason Verger (the school yard bully) drawled as he stalked his nearby victim, a poor Franklyn Froideveaux. "My pig Cordell could eat her up for breakfast if I told him too. He's a good boy like that."

"Mine is Amanita arocheae." Jimmy Price stated proudly, startled when he received confused looks from everybody else. "It's a poisonous fungi, *come on* guys."

"Who's your imaginary friend, Will?" Brian Zeller shouted, shifting his attention away from the ground. He dropped his magnifying glass onto the grass, leaving the bugs crawling around a decomposing log. The little boy, William Graham, jumped from where he sat huddled underneath the shade of a tree a few metres away. The other children were all insatiably curious as they pinned him with their gazes. They all wanted to hear about Will's mysterious imaginary friend who was apparently much better company than all of them.

"Yeah, he must be pretty cool." Price added. "Since you're always talking to him and stuff."

Will tensed, visibly uncomfortable with all the attention he was receiving. A light pressure on his hand was tugging him towards the other children. Someone was eager to answer their questions and that someone was definitely not Will.

"His name is Hannibal Lecter." Will spoke reluctantly, wanting to keep his imaginary friend all to himself. "He's a psychiatrist."

"A what?" A perplexed Alana questioned with furrowed eyebrows.

“A person who helps people with broken minds.” Freddie Lound's supplied with an eye roll. “That’s a weird imaginary friend to have.”

Will shrugged as he felt anger simmer low in his stomach. “He’s been with me for as long as I can remember and he’s a really good friend.”

“What’s he like?” Alana pressed.

“Well, he’s really, really tall,” Will emphasized this by raising his hand as far as it could go above his head, “and he sounds funny when he speaks.” Will paused with a small smile. “His face is also wrinkly so I think he’s kind of old, like an adult.”

Will felt a light pinch in retaliation at his unflattering description. The other children eyed Will’s sudden flinch warily.

“Sorry,” Will told them sheepishly, “he doesn’t like it when I’m rude.”

“He can touch you?” Zeller sounded incredulous. “Imaginary friends aren’t supposed to do that!”

“They’re not?” Will’s voice sounded small and unsure. “But Hanni does it all the time. He gives me hugs and tucks me into bed.”

“You’re lying!” Freddie accused. “Imaginary friends aren’t real. They can’t touch you at all.”

“Don’t say things like that.” Franklyn’s voice quivered with emotion.

“It’s the truth!” Freddie hissed at Franklyn before focusing on Will. “You’re a big fat liar Will and no one likes a person who lies.”

“I’m not!” Will protested hotly, feeling the need to prove himself suddenly. “Hannibal’s real! He’s real!”

“No, he’s not!” Freddie spat as she advanced on Will. She poked a thin finger into his chest. “You’re just a loner that nobody likes and wanted a friend so badly that you made one up!”

“No!” Will shook his head in horror, feeling his entire world crumble around him. “I can see him! I can feel him! He’s real! He’s right there!” Will spun around and pointed directly behind him. His finger poised over a six foot tall man in a checkered suit with high cheekbones. His maroon eyes, which Will once thought were rather evil looking, burned with an unfamiliar emotion. The image flickered, Hannibal’s body becoming see through for Will, the only person gifted enough to see him. All the other children stared at the empty space Will was pointing at. Alana was growing concerned.

“You’re just a wierdo, Will.” Mason laughed cruelly. “There’s no one there.”

“No!” Will screamed, hands clasped over his ears to block out their poisonous words. His eyes were brimming with tears at this point. “You’re lying! Hanni's right there! He’s right there!”

“Will,” Alana stepped closer to the trembling boy, her face filled with pity, “I think you need help.”

Will could barely hear her muffled voice over the laughter of all the other children. It grated at his ears and it hurt but nowhere near as badly as the thought - *no, the realization* - that his best friend wasn’t real. Will let out a tormented cry as he ran away, stumbling over his feet because he couldn't see through his watery eyes.

“What a freak!” Freddie huffed, positively preening under the attention of her peers as they all clapped and cheered her on.

Suddenly, a thick branch from a tree above Freddie snapped with a loud creak. The tree’s thick limb fell, landing on her arm. Freddie was forced to the ground by the branches weight and cried out in pain as a sickening crack echoed throughout the clearing. She became a bubbling mess of tears as the other children stared at the weird angle of her arm. Mason, the only one laughing now, was abruptly silenced as a sudden gust of wind violently rattled a nearby tree. One branch filled with sharp leaves smacked the blond child across the face, leaving a shallow cut. Another branch joined in and another until Mason’s face was a bloody mess. The other children all let out a terrified wail, quickly abandoning the injured Mason and Freddie.

“Traitors.” The red headed girl muttered angrily to herself. She stiffened as goosebumps prickled across her skin.

“Mason,” Freddie was breathing heavily now, her heart pounding inside her tiny chest, “is there anyone else out here besides us?”

Mason let out a pained groan as he wiped the blood from his eyes with impatient hands. He scanned the playground carefully.

“No.” Mason replied sharply. “Why would you ask me that?”

Freddie closed her eyes, her entire body shivering. “Because I can hear three people breathing and there’s only two of us.”

Mason paused and consequently grew very pale. The two bullies somehow got to their feet and, despite their injuries, quickly hobbled away to safety. It was deathly silent now in the abandoned playground except for the occasional whine of the vacated swing.

“Will?” An accented voice hesitantly spoke. The words echoed loudly in the empty clearing. There was no reply for Hannibal was already too late. Will had stopped believing in him.

Chapter End Notes

Will is around nine years old when this takes place.

An Oath is Made

Chapter Notes

> This was originally going to be a one shot but I was inspired to continue on. I thought since I explored how The Very Bad Day impacted Will in the first chapter it would be interesting to show how it impacted Hannibal in the second chapter.
>
> IMPORTANT: Words in italics are inner thoughts of characters or words that are being emphasized.
>
> Edit - I feel like I should warn you that Hannibal's obsession with Will is a little weird considering he's like a hundred years old. He doesn't do anything unethical and Will is pretty much clueless until he's 18 so I don't think it classifies as underage but it's still a bit odd.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal followed Will home that Very Bad Day. He maintained his usual spot beside the young boy but unlike their normal routine where they laughed and Will would tug at the sleeve of his suit, there was only silence for company. It felt like a thick glass wall was separating them and no matter how hard Hannibal knocked or how loud he talked, he could not break through the barrier. Suddenly, Will stiffened and the ghost felt hope soar deep within his chest.

“Will?” Hannibal spoke excitedly as he was unable to conceal his emotions for once. The ghost reached forward expectantly, his hand reaching for the boy’s shoulder. The limb had become oddly transparent and passed through Will’s thick green jacket. Hannibal stared at his gloved fingers now completely engulfed inside the material with only his wrist visible. He found himself quite shocked. He had always been able to touch Will. *Always*. It was only now that the luxury was gone that he realized how precious it was to him. His heart filled with dread as he slowly withdrew his fingers.

Will was bent over a small, mud covered puppy now, coaxing the animal towards himself. His reaction had not been to Hannibal at all but to the small quivering mess before his feet. Hannibal felt his eyes narrow minutely at the creature, feeling quite embarrassed to be jealous at the pets it was receiving. How Will could feel its licks against his hand and respond to the barks with gentle words of his own. The little dog started shivering in fear, eyes wide and scared, before bolting off as it sensed the supernatural presence behind the rather nice male. *A bright animal with superb survival instincts.*

Will jumped to his feet and raced after the pathetic creature.

“Will, slow down at once!” Hannibal admonished with disapproval. “You are quite clumsy on your feet and will gravely injure yourself!”

Will never heard the warning. *Of course he didn’t*. He tripped over a pile of sticks carelessly piled on one resident’s lawn. Will went flying and landed hard on his knees on the paved path beside the debris. The young boy instantly burst into tears, as nine year olds often do, and hugged his knees to his chest. Hannibal knelt beside him, feeling useless and despising the feeling.

“Shh.” Hannibal’s voice was soothing and soft like warm honey. “Will, it is okay. I am right here. I will fix it.”

But those words were empty promises now. Hannibal couldn’t fix it, not anymore. He couldn’t wipe away those tears with his fingers and gather the shaking boy into his arms to rub his back. No longer could he whisper Lithuanian lullabies into his ear until he was giggling and smiling once more.

Will wailed loudly, loud enough for the owners of the house to hear. They peered out of their windows before lowering their shutters. Hannibal made a mental note of the house number for later when he would pay them a visit. Eventually a nearby neighbor, a lovely elderly woman named Susan, hobbled out of her small house. She surveyed the boy’s bloody and torn knee with soft eyes.

“Oh Will.” She told him gently as she helped him stand up. “You really must be more careful.”

Will was still hiccuping on his tears, hastily wiping his face with the sleeve of his jacket. It was all in vain, however, as more came and trickled down his cheeks. Susan urged Will to walk slowly and follow her. Every step made the boy flinch.

“Carry him. He cannot walk when he is in this kind of state.” Hannibal instructed with frustration at not being heard and having to watch Susan inappropriately deal with a wounded child. *No, not just any wounded child. His Will.* As soon as the words left Hannibal's mouth Will collapsed back onto the ground, his knees stinging.

“Dearie, I’m going to need you to come inside so I can use my First Aid Kit.” Susan spoke, grey hair flying around her face. Will shook his head petulantly at Susan like the stubborn little boy he was. Hannibal had raised him better than that. The ghost tutted his disappointment.

“Please Will.” Susan begged him with exasperation. “I’ll give you anything you want once I put some band-aids on your knees. A lolly pop? Some freshly baked cookies? A toy?”

Will’s tears only worsened at her words.

“Utter nonsense.” Hannibal waved off with a disdainful sniff. “What Will desires is not delicious foods or materialistic items.”

“I want,” Will hiccuped violently, looking up at Susan with big, red pleading eyes, “I want *Hannibal*.”

The ghost paused, his heart clenching painfully in his chest at the unexpected answer.

“I want you too, Will.” Hannibal’s smile was sad and wistful as he crouched beside his unseeing boy. “Oh, how I miss you dearly.”

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Only later that night when Will was tucked safely back into bed, a fresh band-aid on each knee, was Hannibal finally able to breathe again. He perched beside Will in his usual position at the foot of his bed, just watching the gentle rise and fall of his chest.

“Good night, my little mongoose.” Hannibal spoke fondly and reached forward to press a kiss to the boy’s forehead as he did every night. He was not at all surprised when he failed to feel the familiar warm skin and that Will himself did not stir in his sleep for he could not feel the touch.

A swell of emotion suddenly arose within Hannibal and consumed him. *This would not be the end. He would not let it.*

“I swear an oath beneath the stars tonight Will Graham, that one day your eyes will fall on me once more, for I refuse to abandon you as you have abandoned me.” Hannibal’s maroon eyes glowed in the dark as he made his promise.

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Later that week, Susan awoke to the lovely surprise of a new pair of fuzzy pink slippers on her front door step. Her own had grown tattered long ago and she could not afford such niceties on the pension she was on. She had lost her sense of smell many years ago and could not identify the scent of smoke that carried on the wind while she stood outside and thanked God for her gift. For a house was on fire in her small quaint street and closed shutters hid the burning flames from view.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will take place nine years later and will be set in high school.

The Present Day

Chapter Notes

The rest of this story will be set after nine years has passed. Will is 18 years old now. He turned 18 earlier in the year.

* = a break in time

The other children always avoided Will after The Very Bad Day. The Very Bad Day where Will's entire world crumbled around him. The Very Bad Day where Will realized that Hannibal, his best friend and the only person who truly understood him, wasn't *real*. It was safe to say that Will's primary school years were the loneliest of his life. The only human contact he had with anyone besides his father was with the school counsellor, Frederick Chilton. Thankfully, Mr. Chilton was able to convince Will his "vivid sensory hallucinations" were a "concoction" of his young mind to deal with the hardship of being an only child with a "mostly absent fatherly figure." Will couldn't help but internally smile during the sessions when he thought about how much Hannibal would have hated the counsellor and his fancily worded shit. He then berated himself for thinking of Hannibal as a person yet again and not the figment of his imagination that he was.

It wasn't until the first year of high school that people began sitting next to Will in classes and engaging in small talk with him again. He was even able to make his first ever (real) friend, Alana Bloom. Time passed by so fast and suddenly he found himself in his last year of schooling. He was glad of it.

"Hey Alana." Mason smiled with a creepy grin as he leaned casually against a nearby wall. "Are you taking anyone to prom?"

"Yeah." Alana smiled sweetly, eyes turning dark with disgust. "His name is *not you*."

Mason's smug smile turned into a furious scowl. He stalked the younger teenager into a corner.

"You should be nicer to me, Alana." Mason's voice was conversational as he twisted a lock of curly, brown hair between his fingers. "My papa is rich and he knows people. I would hate for something bad to happen to you because you couldn't keep that pretty, little mouth shut."

"H-hey!" Will stuttered with faux courage as he moved in between the two. "Leave her alone, Mason. She's not interested."

"Well if it isn't Will, the nut job." Mason sneered at the other boy with eyes that were malicious and cruel. He reared his fist back and threw a hard punch. Will's head flew

backwards, the force of the hit momentarily blackening his vision. He readjusted his glasses that had slipped with shaky hands and stared fearfully at Mason who suddenly appeared a lot bigger and a lot stronger than moments before.

“Please stop, Mason!” Alana begged with tears in her eyes. “I’ll go to the stupid dance with you! Just stop!”

The Verger heir ignored her, blue eyes pinned to terrified green ones. His eyes drunk in the pain and terror in them with ecstasy.

“I’m going to beat you black and blue until you learn your place,” Mason drawled with a cruel confidence, “which is under my Stefano Bemer designer shoes.”

A kick was thrown to Will’s stomach that left the boy wheezing in agony. As he was bent over in pain, he hoped to God that he had scuffed the bully's stupid, overpriced footwear.

“Where’s your Hannibal to save you now?!” The Verger heir goaded, circling Will as though he were prey and Mason was a vulture. Suddenly, Mason’s entire back stiffened and his eyes grew wide. Will glanced up at the bully with surprise and noticed how his lower lip trembled. Mason then promptly spun around and sprinted off.

“Oh my god, Will!” Alana breathed with worry as she placed a reassuring hand on the teenager's shoulder. “Are you okay?!”

“Yeah.” Will panted as he rubbed his sore jaw. “That was strange though. Mason looked really terrified. I didn’t think that jerk was scared of anything.”

Alana bit her lower lip in contemplation while Will glanced around suspiciously. There was no one in the empty corridor that could have frightened Mason and nothing seemed out of place. Will’s eyes lingered on the framed poster advertising last years high school musical, “The little Mermaid.” In the top right hand corner was a large rapidly fading hand print. Will stepped a little closer, staring intently at the shape and outline imprinted on the glass. *It looked so familiar, almost like……* Will shook his head, ridding himself of the undesirable thoughts.

“Will?” Alana questioned nervously, recognizing the tormented look in Will’s eyes from all those years ago. “Do you need to see the nurse?”

Will shook his head. “No, I’m fine.”

The words were a lie. Will hadn’t been fine for a very long time.

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Will couldn’t shake what had happened earlier from his mind, something just felt off. His brain kept repeating every single detail of that dreadful day over and over again. Will and Alana were eating lunch in the school cafeteria when he finally decided to speak up.

“So,” Will asked cautiously with his eyes focused on his ham sandwich, “you never did tell me why everyone avoided me after The Very Bad Day.”

“The Very Bad Day?” Alana replied with a confused facial expression. She had put down her fork as her pasta had suddenly become rather unappetizing.

“That’s what I call the day when I lost - ” Will broke off, choking the word *everything* back down his throat, “my cool in the school yard and started ranting about crazy things.”

“Oh, that day.” Alana smiled awkwardly, trying to relieve the tension that suddenly seemed to fill the entire the lunch room. People nearby stopped talking and appeared to be intensely listening. “Nothing really.”

“It doesn’t seem like it.” Will grunted as he gestured around him at the obvious eavesdroppers. “After that day everyone avoided me like the plague. Even after I got help and sorted myself out everyone was – *is* – still so apprehensive.”

“Will,” Alana bit her lip nervously as she fiddled with her hands, “I don’t want what I tell you to destroy your progress with Mr. Chilton.”

“It won’t.” Will assured her determinedly as he clasped her hand over the table to stop her fidgeting. “I know I was delusional and hallucinating. I know that Hannibal isn’t real.”

“Okay.” Alana seemed to still be internally debating with herself. Finally, she let out a long winded sigh and gave into Will’s puppy dog eyes. “After you left some pretty strange things happened and because it was so soon after your meltdown, people got scared.”

“What kind of things?” Will queried suspiciously.

“A tree branch fell on Freddie and broke her arm.” Alana’s voice shook as she recalled that day. The images in her mind were still so vivid. “Mason was standing too close to a tree and got hit by its branches repeatedly in the face. He needed stitches it was so bad.”

“Okay…” Will trailed off, waiting for Alana to elaborate.

“That’s it.” Alana affirmed.

“That’s it?” Will repeated incredulously. “People have been avoiding me for years because of *that*? Because of a stupid broken tree branch and a little wind?! Wow, I didn’t realize our school is full of such superstitious people.”

Alana nodded absently. She had very pointedly left out a few important details. The way Freddie had seemed so certain that they were not alone in the clearing, the sound of a third person breathing and Mason’s belief that he had heard a softly murmured Will carried on the wind in a “funny accent.” Alana was startled out of her dark thoughts as the school bell rang loudly.

Will groaned and made a face. “Well, I guess I’m off to psychology.”

Will absolutely despised psychology. It was a subject Mr. Chilton had practically forced onto him. “It will help you better understand yourself,” he had claimed.

The teenage boy left his seat hurriedly and collided with another person. His face was filled with bright red hair and he internally groaned at his bad luck.

“Watch it!” Freddie huffed as she quickly straightened out her clothes with one hand. The other hand clutched her tray of uneaten food.

“Sorry.” Will mumbled. He had always felt unsure of himself around Freddie after The Very Bad Day. A bit of him would always feel resentment towards her, wishing she had never popped his little bubble of denial and told him the truth about Hannibal.

“As you should be!” Freddie retorted snappily. “You’re always bumping into me! Honestly Will, it’s like you were born with two left feet.”

“I said I was sorry.” Will hastily defended.

“That’s not good enough!” Freddie gritted out as she shifted the tray to cover her once broken arm self-consciously. She still rather unfairly blamed Will for her injury all those years ago and the small white scar on the inside of her left arm.

Will muttered sadly, “you don’t always have to be so mean to me. I’ve done nothing wrong.”

Freddie had to bite back the words that he had completely destroyed her life. It was his fault that Freddie woke up fearfully in the middle of the night, clutching her heart with her hands as nightmares of a man with maroon eyes in a plaid suit haunted her. It was his fault that sometimes Freddie felt goosebumps litter her arm and another angry presence in the room. It was his fault that she was so damn scared all the time and in a constant battle with the logical side of her brain because it just wasn't *possible.*

Of course, she had said none of this for fear that she would be labelled crazy as well. Freddie turned around and stormed off. Her heart skipped a beat as her ankle collided with something hard and she let out a startled scream as she fell forwards. Freddie’s hands braced herself for the impact as she landed with a thud. A squelching sound echoed around the cafeteria as she moved to her knees and she looked down in dismay to find her red cardigan covered in chocolate pudding and tomato sauce. Those left in the cafeteria burst into laughter, Will and Alana in particular were doubled over in a giggling fit. The teenager opened her mouth and was about to verbally abuse the hell out of Will when a strange noise distracted her. Freddie’s attention returned to her tray with horrified fascination. The remaining pudding began to wriggle and move. She stared in open terror as it started to part and lines began to form in the brown gooey mixture. The lines formed into words until "that was rude, you should apologize" was spelled out in front of her. Words from the past echoed in Freddie’s mind. *Sorry, he doesn’t like it when I’m rude.*

The red headed teenager stared with her mouth agape. She could no longer live in denial. Will had been right all those years ago. Hannibal was *real.*

Hannibal's Irrefusable Offer

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello, Freddie Lounds.” An accented voice murmured.

The teenage girl jumped in her chair, earning her strange looks from the rest of her classmates. *Oh God, please no.* Freddie’s head whipped back and forth as she hastily attempted to find the person that owned that voice. *Please be real. Please be a real person.* All of her classmates had continued either doodling mindlessly in their books or sleeping on their desks, none of them seemed to be in the mood for conversation.

“Why do you appear so surprised when you see that I am not one of your peers? You have already identified who I am.” The person spoke with curiosity as it carefully observed her behaviour. Freddie felt like she was a small bug being dissected by an inquisitive scientist. “My voice is rather distinguishable with its “funny accent” and all.”

“Hannibal Lecter.” Freddie whispered softly, face pale and sickly.

“That is my name.” The man affirmed with distaste. “However, as we are not very well acquainted, I would rather you refer to me as Dr. Lecter.”

Freddie added proud to her growing list of reasons to hate Will’s imaginary friend. It went right under dot point number 1: broke my arm and sanity.

“What do you *want*?” She uttered quietly with a feverish desperation. Her pen was clutched tightly in her hand and her knuckles were becoming stark white at the pressure.

“What I desire has been unjustly stolen from me and you, Miss Lounds, are going to help me obtain it once again.” Hannibal’s tone was firm and unyielding.

“No.” Freddie disagreed vehemently. “I’m not some minion to do your evil biddings!”

“Very well.” Hannibal’s tone was cool and collected. Freddie was surprised. She was rather expecting a temper tantrum. “I shall haunt you then, to the end of your days.”

“Haunt me?” Her lower lip quivered.

“Yes, haunt.” Hannibal repeated slowly and patiently. “That is, after all, what us ghosts do when we tire of aimlessly roaming the earth.”

“You’re a ghost!” Freddie gasped and suddenly everything made sense. The way Hannibal could interact with the physical world and how only a few select people were able to hear him and an even smaller minority could see him.

“You attached yourself to Will all those years ago and convinced him that you were an imaginary friend,” Freddie voiced aloud with realization, “but something happened, didn’t it?

When I told him you weren't real. The thing you lost is *Will.* His faith in you."

"Indeed," Hannibal agreed with a slightly bitter note in his voice, "and I have spent the past nine years trying to reestablish contact but to no avail. That insufferable Chilton has watered and nurtured the doubt that you previously planted and I am now virtually non-existent to him, except for the occasional passing thought."

"So what?" Freddie jutted out her chin defiantly. "Because it's my fault that Will doesn't believe in you, I have to pay?"

"It is true that without my William I have become rather bored and vengeful." Hannibal drawled with a voice that was deceptively soft and sweet. "I assure you that if the boy believes in me once again, all will be forgiven."

"And if he doesn't?"

"My anger and vengeance will fester and I will entertain myself by tormenting you constantly." Hannibal's tone was purely malevolent at this point. "Your world will become a living misery."

"Charming." Freddie replied sarcastically.

"It would be wise that you do not refuse my offer as Mason Verger foolishly attempted to do earlier today." Hannibal warned ominously.

"Oh God." Freddie gulped with dread. "What did you do to him?"

"You will see."

Freddie's gaze slowly drifted to the topic of conversation, Will Graham. He sat hunched over with a pen in his hands, absentmindedly twirling it between his fingers. He was wearing an old faded short sleeve t -shirt and jeans with holes in the knees. He looked like an ordinary, if somewhat poor, teenage boy to Freddie. *What was so special about him to attract a ghost? Fair enough, the boy was attractive but there were better looking people in the world. Surely, attraction could not be all this obsession was?* Will's eyes snapped towards her. For the briefest moment, Freddie caught a glimpse of depths that she could not begin to fathom hidden behind those wiry spectacles. She peeled her eyes away, feeling bewildered. It took her a couple of moments to realize that Hannibal's voice and his infuriating presence were gone.

"Hannibal?!" Freddie raised her voice. "I mean Dr. Lecter?!"

"Freddie?" The teacher's eyes had pinned her with a disapproving glare. "Have you quite finished interrupting my lesson?"

Freddie nodded but the action was slow, as though she were under water. She glanced around at her fellow schoolmates with a sense of detachment. Everything in her life; the teacher, the algebra and her friends, no longer seemed to matter to her. All that mattered was surviving Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

So, I thought it would be interesting to explore why Hannibal is so obsessed with Will. Therefore, I will be posting a little short story of their first meeting next time I update this fic. Next chapter will also be in Hannibal's perspective.

A Trip Down Memory Lane

Chapter Notes

I just want to tell you all that I am amazed with the amount of kudos and comments this series has received. Thank you all for your support.

IMPORTANT:
Italics = flashback, emphasis, or thoughts
This chapter takes place during the (lets face it, really unfair) fight between Will and Mason. The chapter is in mostly Hannibal's perspective. If you don't remember the fight scene well I would advise to quickly skim read over it again.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

...Earlier that same day...

When Mason Verger's fist slammed into Will's face, Hannibal's ears were filled with white noise. He saw the fear in the boy's eyes and was transported.……

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"Hannibal, I'm scared." Will whimpered with eyes clenched tightly shut. Will was eight and had Astraphobia (a fear of lightening and thunder storms).

"It is merely thunder and lightening, Will." Hannibal educated calmly. "A natural occurrence that aids in the nitrification of the soil. Nothing to be concerned by."

Another flash of lightening caused the boy to jump. He threw himself into the ghost's arms, gripping onto the material tightly.

"Make it stop." He begged, voice muffled by the suit his face was buried in. Hannibal petted wild chocolate curls and hummed a soothing tune from the boy's infancy. Will visibly relaxed until a rumble of thunder shook the room.

"Make it stop." Will repeated, growing frustrated now. The child had grown used to his imaginary friend's abilities in manipulating objects and was taking full advantage of Hannibal's fondness for him to coax the man into performing menial tasks.

"I am afraid that is not in my power." Hannibal regretfully replied. "Mother nature is a force of her own."

As if she was in agreement, lightening streaked across the room immediately after the words left Hannibal's mouth. Will shivered violently as he tried to swallow down his terror.

His voice was small and weak when he eventually suggested, "Then make me forget."

The ghost was at a loss for words. Never had Will requested something of this sort from him. He wracked his mind for something, anything he could say to take away his pain.

"There is a poem I quite enjoy called "La Vita Nuova" by Dante Alighieri." Hannibal mentioned softly, slightly reluctant.

"And?"

"There is a particular passage that I hold in great favour." Hannibal stared off into the distance as he quoted from memory. "He woke her then, and trembling and obedient, she ate that burning heart out of his hand. Weeping, I saw him then depart from me. Could he daily feel a stab of hunger for her? Find nourishment in the very sight of her? I think so. But would she see through the bars of his plight, and ache for him?"

Will remained silent. Hannibal was afraid that he had frightened him.

"I think it's nice." Will eventually murmured after a while of contemplation. "A dark kind of love."

"In an all consuming and obsessive kind of sense. Yes, it is." Hannibal agreed and silently added, just like ours…..

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"Where's your Hannibal to save you now?" Mason goaded.

Hannibal was snapped out of his inner musings by the mention of his name. He saw Will cowering down on the floor and became suddenly aware of Alana's panicked screaming. Hannibal berated himself for becoming distracted. He had evidently failed Will by not preventing this physical altercation. The ghost turned to Mason and was just deciding what kind of twisted torture he wanted to inflict on the boy when he realized that there were too many witnesses about. *How unfortunate.* Hannibal made a quick decision then. The ghost turned around pressed his hand directly in Mason's field of vision onto a poster framed with glass, a small but obvious reminder of who was in charge around here. Something subtle enough to escape other students' notice but still terrify Mason. It worked.

Hannibal followed the teenager as he fled into the boys toilets. The blond haired bully filled his hands with water and splashed his face.

"You're hallucinating." Mason told his reflection in the mirror perched above the sink. "You've taken too much LSD and its fucked you up mentally."

The ghost cleared his throat, causing Mason to bolt upright at the noise. His gaze snapped around the deserted toilets.

"This isn't *funny*." Mason tried to sound firm but his voice broke halfway, revealing his fear.

“Yes, it is indeed not *funny*.” Hannibal agreed, voice sharp. “You physically assaulted a person that I hold in high regard.”

Mason swore and whirled around.

“W-where the fuck are you?!” He stuttered, eyes scanning the room once more. “If this is one of your bloody pranks Abel, I’m going to *kill* you!”

Hannibal shoved Mason hard. The boy went toppling over, hands scrambling the floor for purchase.

“You cannot see me but I can see you, Mason.” Hannibal crooned softly. “I can see all of you, every dark corner of your black withered heart.”

The bully stumbled to his feet and threw open the door with a bang.

“You cannot escape from a predator that is undetectable.” Hannibal called eerily after him, stalking after his prey with quiet footsteps.

Mason gasped something under his breath. It sounded like a rather long winded insult. The teenager ran and ran and *ran*, until the hallways became a jumbled maze. Finally, Mason paused beside a flight of stairs. He was sure that he had lost the *thing*. A couple tense minutes had passed when Tobias Budge walked by and issued a cursory greeting. Unbeknownst to Mason, Hannibal was observing the exchange nearby with hard maroon eyes.

“Heard you beat up Graham?” Tobias laughed loudly, offering his hand for a high five. “Nice!”

Mason laughed nervously and exaggerated a bit as he smacked their hands together. “Yeah, he took it like a baby too.”

Hannibal saw Will in infancy then, with his little pudgy legs and adorable toothless grin that was reserved only for him.

The blond haired bully thought for a moment. “He said something weird too, under his breath. Prašau or something? Must be another language.”

Lithuanian. The language Hannibal had taught Will when he was but a toddler. Words that should have been long forgotten but stayed. He remembered Will, pulling on his pants leg and looking up with big hopeful eyes, “Prašau butelis?”

His boy whose perfect pale skin was now blooming with a purple bruise. Who this diabolical man had harmed with his touch. Fingers unworthy to even so much as graze Will’s skin had damaged blood vessels with force.

Images bombarded Hannibal’s eyes as he remembered bits and pieces from the earlier fight. They began mixing with his earlier memories of Will. A dangerous concoction of flashbacks.

Baby Will reaching up towards the ghost with little fingers outstretched.

The smack of Mason’s hand colliding with Will’s face.

"I am so proud of you, Will. You took your first steps. You are a grown boy now.”

The whoosh of air before the kick met Will’s stomach.

Will pointing at Hannibal in desperation, trying to prove to the other children of the ghost’s existence. “He’s real! He’s right there!”

“Where’s your Hannibal to save you now?”

Will. Will. Will. WILL.

Hannibal did something he never did. He allowed himself to become completely overcome with emotion. When he came too, Mason’s body was thudding down a flight of seemingly never ending stairs. Tobias was staring at his falling friend with open horror. He glanced around suspiciously before hurrying away to class.

“That might have been impulsive.” Hannibal admitted to himself with a wince before following the boy.

“I apologize for my temporary loss of control. However, I still expect you to aid me in reestablishing contact with Will.” The ghost stated firmly to the bully curled into the fetal position and whimpering pathetically.

Mason hissed in pain, body battered and bruised as he moved to stand up and get away.

“Fuck you, Hannibal!” He sneered.

The ghost was rather impressed that Mason had identified him. Hannibal moved fast then, hands pressing just so and twisting harshly until the boy’s back gave way with a sharp snap. Mason let out a high agonized scream that bounced through the empty corridors.

Chapter End Notes

And that is why you don't mess with Will Graham.

Rough translations,
“Prašau" = please
“Prašau butelis?” = please bottle

NOTE: The ending might be a bit confusing. Basically Hannibal's memories of Will's childhood mix with his newly recovered memories of the fight and he kind of loses his calm for a bit. It was inspired by the flashback scene in the movie "The Perks of being a Wallflower."

Mason's "Accident"

Chapter Notes

I only quickly researched about spinal cord injuries so I apologize if there are any medical inaccuracies in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The news travelled fast around Baltimore High School. Mason Verger, the biggest and baddest bully in the area, the boy whose parents could buy their son out of detention and expulsion, had fallen down a flight of stairs and not even the Vergers' millions of dollars could fix what had been broken.

“We call it a Lumbar Spinal Cord Injury and it affects Mason’s ability to move his legs and hips.” The doctor’s voice was sympathetic as his eyes lingered on the bedridden boy. He had an ex-ray of Mason’s back in his gloved hand and was gesturing to it throughout his speech. “He will be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life with limited mobility.”

“Repeat that again in simple English this time.” Mason’s father demanded gruffly. “We’re not doctors, you know.”

The medical professional sighed heavily and rubbed his eyes. He really wasn’t paid enough for this job and his simpleton patients. “Mason will never be able to walk again.”

Molson Verger barked out a loud arrogant laugh that slowly died down when he saw how serious the doctor was.

“I don’t think you understand.” Mason’s mother spoke indignantly from beside her husband. “We own Verger Enterprises and have a billion dollar pig farming company. We can afford any sort of treatment necessary.”

“There is no treatment.” The doctor repeated again, his terse tone indicating his growing irritation. “No matter how much therapy he receives Mason will never be able to walk again. It is physically impossible. The damage to the L-3, L-4 and L-5 vertebrae is too severe for recovery.”

“If you're so bloody smart, doctor.” Mr. Verger sneered as he poked his finger into the chest of the man threateningly. “Then tell me how the hell can my son check the depth of a pig’s fat if he can’t get out of a damn chair?!”

The medical professional pushed the offending hand away with a grimace. “I am not educated in the rehabilitation of patients, only in performing surgery and diagnosis, Mr. Verger. Please contact the University of Maryland Rehabilitation and Orthopaedic Institute and they will gladly answer all your remaining questions.”

Molson Verger opened his mouth and was about to argue when Mason began squirming in his sleep. While his legs remained still, his chest and arms had begun to flail.

“Hannibal, stop!” Mason moaned desperately as he clawed at the hospital sheets. “I didn’t mean to hurt him! I swear! Just leave me alone!”

The doctor quickly rushed to the nurse call button to alert those on duty. He prayed they brought the sedatives. Once the nurses entered, he rushed out of the room, bumping into a woman holding three cups of coffee in the process.

“My apologies Miss….?” The doctor trailed off as his eyes fell on a young woman.

“Margot.” The woman quickly introduced herself, holding out her hand. “Margot Verger. It’s not a problem, really.”

“Ah, you must be Mason’s sister.” The doctor winced in sympathy. “I am so sorry about your brother.”

“Really?” Margot said with a wide smile. “Because I’m not.”

She then waltzed beside the gobsmacked doctor who was beginning to realize that the Vergers were the most screwed up family he had ever met.

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“If you had just accepted my offer Mason this all could have easily been avoided.” Hannibal tutted as he sat beside the blond boy on the stark white sheets of the hospital bed. Of course, Mason could not see this. To this day the only person who was ever able to see the ghost was Will Graham.

“You ruined my life over a stupid rejection and a harmless punch!”

“Now, now.” Hannibal shushed the distraught man. “I am only returning the favour.”

“Are you serious?!” Mason sneered. “Will Graham not being your friend anymore is hardly the same as being paralyzed from the waist down! I was going to be the handsome face of the Verger Meat Packing Dynasty! Now look at me!”

“And you still can.” Hannibal soothed softly. “Right after you offer me your assistance in reestablishing contact with Will Graham.”

Mason threw his head back with a sigh of pure vexation. “That day is really coming back to bite me in the ass.”

“Luckily now, you will no longer feel the bite.” Hannibal smirked at his own clever joke while Mason gritted his teeth together in rage.

“Why should I help you?!” Mason was huffing and puffing at this point with anger, his hands whacking desperately at the air in a foolish attempt to hurt Hannibal. “You have already taken everything from me! What more do I have to lose?!”

“Oh, Mason.” Hannibal drawled sharply, the temperature in the room drastically plummeting. “There is so much you still gain to forfeit, you ungrateful little boy. Your inheritance, the ability to move your torso and arms, a relatively comfortable life. All of which I can snatch the instant I deem it appropriate.”

“You’re lying.” Mason gaped as he clutched the hospital’s blanket to his chest protectively.

“I do not fib, Mason.” Hannibal’s tone bordered on downright malicious. “Think of the loss of your legs as a warning of what I am truly capable of.”

The ghost then vanished from the room to allow the teenager time to digest the threats he had delivered. Mason could literally feel the change in the air. It was as if all the dark energy had left. He let out a relieved sound and quickly ran over his options. For the second time in his life Mason was confronted with a situation his parents or money couldn’t solve for him. There really was only one answer.

“Fine!” Mason growled with fury. “I’ll do it, you stupid asshole! I'll help you get Will back!”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is Will's first kiss.

Will's First Kiss

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait. Its been a hectic week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now that Hannibal had successfully recruited Mason and Freddie to assist him in his endeavours, it was time to conjure up a plan. Problem was that even though Hannibal should be really good at this ghost thing by now, he did not know much about contacting the living. People either believed in ghosts or they did not and if they did, Hannibal could touch them and manipulate objects in their presence. It was the power of believing. At its fullest, Hannibal could do anything with a person. He could talk to them, touch them, enter their dreams and, depending on their abilities, they could even see him. He had all of that with Will and lost it. After this, he would never allow anything to come between them again. *Anything*.

The ghost began browsing on Will's laptop. His fingers felt heavy as though they were made of lead. It was difficult enough without Will in the room to use his technology but once he returned it would be impossible. Typing out "How to contact ghosts?" and entering the search took Hannibal twenty minutes. *It was beyond frustrating.* Strategically, it would have been a much better use of his time if he borrowed Freddie or Mason's laptop as he would have found movement almost effortless. However, he could not bring himself to leave Will's room. He had been leaving his boy's side for increasing intervals of time and he could not bear to part with him anymore. The ghost was snapped out of his inner musings when the page loaded and the top search result that appeared was Séance. *Interesting*.

He heard the familiar thud, thud, thud of shoes and quickly attempted to exit the tab. The cursor moved sluggishly even as Hannibal tried to jerk the mouse. The ghost got so close to the tiny little x before the door was slammed open and the mouse refused to move. A few choice Lithuanian curse words tumbled out of his mouth.

He was, however, rendered speechless when his eyes drifted from the screen before him to the magnificent sight that was Will. He had grown so much during his eighteen years of life. The ghost still remembered when he was a little baby, small enough to fit into the crook of his elbow. Now, Will was nearing six foot. His once long and lanky limbs were beginning to fill out with muscle. Will's jawline had also sharpened and his face had become more angular, losing the soft roundness of childhood. Those wild untamable curls and bright green eyes remained unchanged though.

Will turned his head and yelled loudly into the hallway. "Just come on in!"

The ghost stiffened, lips pulled tight with disdain. The teenager had never brought friends over for he was severely lacking in his social abilities. In fact, Hannibal was only aware of one other being besides himself that was the boy's companion.

Alana stepped cautiously into the room.

The ghost's breath left him in a whoosh. He knew Will was a teenage boy now and that he had urges. It was only a matter of time before he brought a young, pretty thing home but Hannibal hadn't anticipated how hard it would be for him to sit back and watch. Nor, the quite uncalled for bout of jealously. *This was worse than Will becoming friends with other people. This was worse than Will trying to forget him. This was Will moving on from him*. Alana's eyes critically ran over the small bookshelf and the creaky chipped study desk that housed a second-hand laptop. As she surveyed the room, she noticed all the walls were bare except one. The wall above Will's bed was filled with rough sketches and drawings stuck to the paint with blu-tack.

She stepped closer to an old faded illustration, the lead pencil weak and the corners of the page peeling off the wall. It appeared to be a portrait. The man was tall and broad shouldered. He had straight hair that was combed neatly out of his face except for one pesky strand that rested in the middle of his forehead. The man also had dark unreadable eyes and high cheekbones which she traced with a light finger. The picture was quite intense.

Hannibal glared at her as she touched what most certainly did not belong to her. *If only she believed, if only….*

"That's him." Will admitted softly as he suddenly appeared beside her. Alana jumped and spun around, surprised that she hadn't even heard him move.

"Who?" Alana's eyebrows were scrunched together with confusion.

"Hannibal." The teenager explained before quickly looking away. He couldn't bear to see the disappointment on her face.

"Will…." She warily sighed. "It's not good for you to have this in here."

"I know," Will's bottom lip quivered, "but I can't take it down."

"What did Mr. Chilton say about it?" She pressed, eyes widening at the boy's guilty look. "Oh God! You haven't told him?! Have you?!"

"I couldn't." Will insisted with desperation. "He'd take him away! I can't let him take him away!"

"*It.*" Alana corrected. "It's a drawing, Will. He's taking a *drawing* away. Hannibal's not real, remember?"

"I am." Hannibal protested with rising anger. He was sick of hearing those words, those lies. "I am right here. I have always been *right here*."

Of course, the two remained oblivious to the third member of their conversation.

“Yeah, I know he doesn't exist.” Will sighed heavily as he sat down on his bed with his head in his hands. “I wish he was though. He was the best friend I ever had.”

“What about me, Will?” Alana sat beside the distressed boy and nudged him gently. “I can be your best friend now.”

“Absolutely not.” Hannibal vehemently argued.

“Really?” Will was hopeful, so very hopeful that it broke the ghost's heart.

“But I’d rather not.” Alana confessed to Will in a whisper.

“Oh.” The boy lowered his face, not wanting Alana to see the pain in his eyes. The teenage girl shook her head with a smile and reached forward to place her own hand atop of Will's.

“I want to be *more* than friends.”

“Oh.” This time Will’s voice rose with an inflection, indicating his astonishment.

Alana’s cheeks were alight with a blush. “Do you want that too?”

“I er…” The teenager mumbled, nervously licking his lips. “I don’t know.”

“Let me convince you then.” Alana purred, leaning over Will and cupping his cheek.

Hannibal shouldn’t watch. He knew it would only utterly destroy him but he couldn’t bring himself to look away. *This was Will’s first kiss after all.* The ghost had been with Will through his first steps, his first words, his first lost tooth. *He couldn’t abandon Will now, not when he might need him*.

Alana pressed her soft lips to the boy's own that remained tight-lipped. Will's thoughts were running wild which was strange. He had always thought that your mind would be blank when kissing a person or that there would be fireworks. The teenager's eyes were still open and he stared at the collection of drawings on his wall. For some reason, and Will would not be able to explain why, his gaze drifted to the picture he drew of Hannibal. The boy felt his heart clench painfully. He felt like he was betraying the man which was ridiculous. *You couldn’t betray someone that you weren’t in a relationship with. Better yet, you couldn’t betray someone who didn’t exist*. Maybe if he closed his eyes, he could get into it. Will tasted cherry lip balm and smelt fruity perfume. His hand rested on a soft waist. It didn’t feel right. *It was supposed to feel right, wasn’t it?* Suddenly, Will saw high cheekbones and glowing maroon eyes behind his shut eyelids. He imagined broad shoulders and a hard body. Will quickly became very into it and opened his mouth. Alana moaned and moved closer as tongues soon joined the mix of saliva and heavy breathing. Will imagined it was a lower sound, spoken in an accented voice.

“Hannibal.” Will whined as he pawed at the shirt in front of him.

Everybody froze.

Alana stiffened with shock and quickly disentangled herself from Will. It all went downhill from there.

“What did you just call me?!” She furiously exclaimed with crossed arms.

“I…um,” Will’s face was burning with humiliation and shame, “I’m so sorry, Alana.”

“That’s not what I asked!” Alana roared loudly and Will flinched, retreating into himself. “I asked you: *what did you just call me*?!”

“H-hannibal.” Will’s voice was so quiet that it could barely be heard. His gaze was lowered with mortification and he itched with the sudden urge to cry.

“Jesus Christ, Will!” Alana hissed, hands tugging at her hair in frustration. “Do you not see how screwed up this is?!”

“I wholeheartedly disagree.” Hannibal interjected, crimson eyes burning with anger.

“I….” The teenager trailed off.

“This twisted obsession of yours has gone too far.” Alana’s voice was grim as she gestured at the illustration above his bed. “This has to stop, Will. Right now!”

“Okay, it will.”

“I’m taking this.” She announced as she dashed towards Will’s wall and hurriedly peeled off the drawing of Hannibal, tearing and irrevocably damaging the picture in the process. Will scurried off the bed but by then it was already too late as Alana was hovering in his door frame.

“What are you doing?!” He demanded, voice trembling with fear.

“I hope you can forgive me, Will.” Alana’s gaze softened with regret as her eyes fell on the hysterical boy. “I’m only trying to help you.”

“Give him back!” The teenager screeched as he launched himself at his bedroom door at the same time as Alana pulled it shut. He hit is head hard, momentarily blacking out. When he finally regained consciousness, he was alone with a pounding headache, a hole in his heart and a gap on his wall.

“No, no, no!” Will moaned as he curled into a ball. “It was all I had left! It was all I had left and now it’s gone!”

“Shh.” Hannibal soothed gently as he crouched beside the distressed teenager. “Soon it will not matter, my little mongoose. Soon you will have the real me and not an old, mattered, childish drawing.”

The words offered no comfort to the sobbing boy who couldn't hear them.

Will wiped his teary eyes after a good five minutes of heavy crying had passed and sniffled. His gaze fell on his open laptop which was booted up. He sat up slowly with confusion. *He was sure he had powered it down before he left*. The teenager crawled over, still too weak to stand. His skin prickled with goosebumps as his eyes scanned over the search left open. Hannibal leaned over and felt the tiniest sensation where his arm brushed Will's shoulder. The teenager absentmindedly scratched the area they had touched a few moments later. The ghost beamed.

"Soon Will, soon." Hannibal's voice was dark and full of promise. He was coming whether the boy was ready for him or not.

Chapter End Notes

So, does anyone still like Alana?

Planning a Séance

Chapter Notes

> This chapter briefly touches on Will and Hannibal's first meeting. If you want more context or perhaps just more ghost Hannibal feels, you can read the first part of this series "His Perfect, Gifted, Little Boy."
>
> I've also included another flashback into Will's childhood because young Will is so damn adorable. Hope you guys like it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You want us to hold a Séance?” Freddie questioned incredulously with a raised eyebrow. “Will would never agree to that.”

“Why not?” Hannibal sounded quite insulted at the dismissal of his ingenious plan.

“Firstly, he hates me and Mason.” Freddie pointed out with an eye roll. “He’s not going to want to hold hands with the guy who punched him in the face a week ago and the girl who crushed his entire belief system back when he was nine.”

The ghost waved her off easily. “Those are minor setbacks that can be easily overcome.”

Freddie pegged the ghost's hope for insanity.

“Secondly, the boy has been in therapy for the past nine years trying to convince himself that you don’t exist. He won’t exactly be jumping at the opportunity to undo all that progress.”

“That is an excellent point, Miss Lounds.” Hannibal mused as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “However, I have a plan that will guarantee the success of this mission.”

“Really?”

“I have quite an intimate understanding of Will. For example, I know that Will cannot turn down a wounded stray under *any* circumstances. We also have a recently injured Mason. If we play the sympathy card right, he will accept any proposal that you two weave.”

“Wow, you really are smart.” Freddie breathed in awe.

“I was a respected psychiatrist back in the day but I hardly remember that past life now.” Hannibal spoke indifferently.

“Sounds like a lonely life.” The teenager commented casually, hoping the ghost didn’t notice the pen and paper she had hidden under her desk in her bedroom. She really couldn’t help it

though. Hannibal's life sounded like a good basis for a story. She could already picture it being a best seller. A fictional (or so the readers would believe) romance mixed with horror.

"It was. I was always wondering around aimlessly without ever being seen or heard by another being. I wanted so desperately to be able to converse and laugh." Hannibal spoke softly. "Well, that was before I met Will Graham."

"How did you two meet?"

"Will's father was taking him out for a walk when he was but an infant. When I passed them, Will's eyes darted up to meet mine. He babbled some nonsense and reached out an arm, squirming in an attempt to get closer to me. When he touched me, he giggled. I have not left his side since."

Freddie swallowed thickly at the story. "Even after he stop seeing you, you stayed?"

"I have been beside Will Graham everyday of his life from the moment I first met him and I plan to remain there until he draws his final breath."

"Till' death do us part." The teenager stated grimly and sent a silent prayer for Will. She might be cruel but she would not wish this fate upon anyone. *To be haunted for eternity by a ghost*. She shuddered at the very thought.

"Until death do us part." Hannibal echoed solemnly. There was something awfully familiar about this conversation for the ghost besides wedding vows. It reminded him of a similar one he had with Will many years ago….

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"Will?" Hannibal questioned worriedly as he glanced over at the little boy sitting at his desk, staring unseeingly as his favorite book. "What is the matter?"

Will ducked his head and watched his kicking feet. He winced as the seat creaked with the movement. "Nothing."

"Will."

"It's not fair!" The boy huffed loudly. "How do you always know when I'm sad? No one else can tell."

The ghost suppressed a small smile. "You have been uncharacteristically quiet all day and have remained on page twenty-one of "The Adventures of Captain Underpants" for the better half of an hour. Besides, you are my most treasured companion. How could I not notice when you are troubled?"

"Best friend? Ha! I'm your only friend." Will stuck his tongue out at the ghost.

"That was quite rude, Will." The ghost reprimanded and though his tone was sharp, his eyes were soft. "However, even if I did have a more extensive number of acquaintances to occupy my time with, you would undoubtedly still hold the title of my favorite boy."

The ghost punctuated his point by fondly carding his fingers through Will's soft curls. The boy's smile instantly dropped. Hannibal stiffened, swallowing hard as he slowly withdrew his hand. Perhaps Will was reaching that age when he no longer craved touch and affection? Hannibal really hoped he was wrong.

A silence charged with emotion lapsed around them. It was broken only when Will hesitantly ventured. "How old are you?"

The ghost blinked uncomprehendingly. "What does this have to do with your current mood?"

"Please tell me. I have to know!" Will worried his bottom lip between his teeth anxiously.

Hannibal paused in contemplation. He could tell the boy the age he was frozen at when he died or the number of years he had spent on the earth. Somehow, he believed forty-one years old would illicit a much better response than the more accurate one hundred and three years old.

"Forty one." Hannibal murmured softly.

The boy nodded jerkily and the ghost was surprised when he saw the glistening of tears in those enchanting green eyes.

"Oh, Will." Hannibal breathed softly as he knelt on the floor in front of his boy and gently clasped his tiny hand in his own. Newly discovered hatred for physical contact be damned. "What is going on in that beautiful, complex, little mind of yours?"

The boy took one look at the ghost's hand, so warm and comforting in his own, and burst into tears.

"Beverly Katz, she's a new girl. Anyway, her dad's got lung cancer and he's going to die soon." Will hiccupped on a sob. "He's forty-five and you're forty-one. That's only four years difference and Mason says imaginary friends disappear all the time so what if-" Will's voice broke. "What if I only have four more years left with you? What if you go and leave me and I'm all alone and I have no one and…." The boy's breathing escalated as he began to really panic.

"Will, it is alright." The ghost soothed tenderly. "Focus on me. That is it, good boy."

When Will had significantly calmed down, the ghost pulled him into a tight embrace.

"I am not going anywhere, numylėtinis." Hannibal promised feverishly as stroked a hand down Will's back in a comforting gesture. "I am right here. I will always be right here beside you."

***

"Alright, what's the catch?" Freddie narrowed her eyes suspiciously. Her irritating voice snapped Hannibal out of his reminiscing.

"I do not require anything for divulging this sort of sensitive information."

“Bullshit!” The teenager brushed off his statement. “You’re not the type of person who starts randomly pouring out his heart to some random stranger.”

“You are no stranger to me, Miss Lounds.” Hannibal countered, voice eerie and all-knowing. “Will is not the only person I have been monitoring closely over the years.”

“No!” Freddie’s eyes widened with horror.

“Oh, yes.” The ghost gloated. “I know all about the Justin Bieber poster stashed underneath your mattress, the one with the red lipstick stains all over it. I witnessed your drunken mistake with Francis Dolarhyde. Quite a quirky fellow, isn’t he? I wonder what his girlfriend would say if she knew?”

“Oh my God!” Freddie gasped, hands clutched over her gaping mouth.

“That is not all, my dear. I have heard the cruel words directed at Will, fueled by fear rather than anger. Seen you toss and turn as nightmares haunt you late at night. That little lapse in your vegetarian diet six months ago, I was there. I agree that caramelized steak was to *die* for.”

“Stop! Just stop. I’ve had enough!” The teenager was near tears at this point, terrified of what Hannibal’s intentions were with all this blackmail material.

“You see, Miss Lounds.” Hannibal’s tone was low and malicious. “It would be unwise to spread stories about me or Will to the general public. Who knows what else they might learn about a certain red headed pig.”

“Okay, okay! I get it!” Freddie’s voice shook as she spoke. “I won’t blab!”

“Good, now be a good girl and put your notes into the shredder by your desk.” Hannibal instructed condescendingly. The teenager cursed. She had been so sure that she hid her notebook well. She reluctantly tore out the pages about the ghost and slowly, one by one, destroyed them. Her heart broke as opportunity was torn to pieces.

“Done.” Freddie sighed heavily, feeling drained. Hannibal did a quick check of her writing pad and, once satisfied, wished her good night before he vanished.

The teenager closed her eyes. She was tired. So, *so* tired of the ghost. Freddie couldn’t wait to get rid of him, even if it was at Will’s expense.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, the plan will be put into motion.

Why was Hannibal opening up to Freddie? I know it seems a bit uncharacteristic because he is so secretive in the series but ghost Hannibal practically adores Will so he

loves talking about him to anyone who will listen (which is quite a small number of people considering hardly anyone can hear him). Also, it has been over nine years since he's been able to communicate with anyone properly so he kind of misses talking and interacting with others and takes what he can get. Even if said people are pigs he dislikes such as Freddie, she at least provides him with the basic human need for interaction.

Manipulating Will

Chapter Notes

> I just realized that I've been spelling Freddie Lound's name differently to the more popular spelling throughout the fic so I've gone back and changed it because I think I like this spelling better. So, if you notice that I've been spelling her name differently from now on (from Freddy to Freddie) that's why. I apologize if its confusing and thank you all for bearing with me on that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was slowly putting away his psychology textbook after another grueling lesson. Mason watched nearby with wary eyes and scanned the deserted corridor. The ghost materialized out of thin air and stood beside him, also observing the golden opportunity.

“Go.” He ordered. “*Now.*”

Mason flinched in his wheelchair. “Jesus fuck! Give a guy a little warning!”

“Remember Mason, you are struggling.” Hannibal reminded with a small smile, knowing how much Mason detested having to portray himself as so. “You need Will’s help.”

The teenager turned bright red with anger and bit harshly on his lower lip.

“Yeah, yeah.” He rolled his eyes. “I heard you the first time we went through this little set up.”

Mason slowly pushed his wheelchair forward using his hands. Once he passed Will, he used his elbows to nudge the books on his lap just so. They tumbled to the floor.

“Oh dear, how clumsy of me.” Mason spoke aloud with sarcasm clear in his voice. Hannibal smacked him upside the head.

“Ouch!” Mason hissed lowly. “Knock it off!”

Will didn’t turn around but glanced at the scene out of the corner of his eye. His back stiffened and even though Hannibal couldn’t see his face, he knew his eyes were filled with pity.

“How will I ever reach these books?” Mason continued through gritted teeth, fingers clenched into balled fists. He desperately prayed no other classmates were nearby to see this embarrassing spectacle, to witness what the heir of Verger enterprises had been reduced to. Will’s fingers twitched beside his locker door. He cast a quick glance around the corridor to see if there was anybody else around to help Mason.

He is a wounded stray, Will. You cannot resist him, Hannibal thought to himself.

“Attempt to retrieve your books from the ground.” Hannibal instructed, eyes intensely boring into Will’s back. *They were so close now.*

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Mason whispered under his breath. “I’ll fall right out of my bloody chair!”

“Excellent,” Hannibal countered, “then he will have no choice but to assist you.”

“No!” Mason shook his head determinedly. “I won’t make a fool of myself because of your weird and pervy fascination with teenage boys!”

Hannibal remained silent. Mason sighed with relief, thinking he had finally gotten through the ghost’s thick head. His body suddenly jerked forward with force and he tumbled out of his chair. He let out a groan of pain as he landed in a tangle of limbs.

“God damn it!” Mason growled into the floor. “I swear to God I’ll kill you! I’ll bloody kill you ten times over! I don’t care that you're already dead! I’ll still fucking -” Will had fully turned around and was watching Mason with wide eyes. Mason broke off from his rant and threw himself into the role of damsel in distress. “Oh, I’m in so much pain. Please Will, be a dear and help me up.”

Will looked vaguely concerned about the drastic change in attitude but dutifully knelt beside Mason regardless. He paused, remembering all the torment Mason had put him and Alana through. The punch he had dealt Will to the side of his face. Hannibal stepped on Mason’s hand *hard*. The boy positively whimpered in pain, clutching the limb towards himself. Will’s gaze softened and he reached toward Mason who was internally cursing and spewing. Will wrapped his arms around Mason’s waist and yanked him back into his wheelchair. He then carefully gathered all his school books and returned them to his lap.

“A fellow peer has just gone out of his way to offer you assistance. Does he not deserve praise for his efforts?” Hannibal tutted with disapproval.

“Thank you.” Mason spat out. The words tasted foreign in his mouth.

“No problem.” Will quickly replied with those big, green eyes full of pity. Mason’s skin crawled at the look. He wanted to claw his eyes out. Will turned around and shut his locker with an apple in tow and a ham sandwich. Hannibal’s eyes narrowed at the rather offensive lunch meal. *If only Will believed in him, he would cook him the most elaborate, delicious dishes. The boy would never be forced to eat such trash again.*

“Mason.” Hannibal warned with a pinch to the teenager's neck. Mason flinched and used his hands to swat the ghost’s touch away.

“Uh, Will!” Mason called out hesitantly, fear of another attack heavy in his mind. “I might need a bit more help throughout the week. Do you mind……?” The teenager swallowed thickly as he trailed off. *This being vulnerable stuff was difficult.*

Will hesitated, gaze falling on Mason with his disheveled hair and shiny new wheelchair. He didn't look a tough bully anymore. He was just a small, scared, little boy trying to navigate his new life without any movement in his legs. The teenager's mind flashed back to that little puppy covered in mud from all those years ago. The one who desperately needed his help and yet he had let it get away. He vowed that day that he would never fail another being in need.

"Sure." Will replied with a small smile.

"In that case, I need help setting up a thing on Saturday. You free?" Mason felt excitement bubble in his chest. He was so close, so gloriously close to getting rid of Hannibal.

Will closed his eyes as he wracked his brain for any plans he might have. He came up blank.

"Yeah." Will didn't hesitate at all this time. *He was caught; hook, line and sinker.*

Mason was so relieved that he could cry tears of joy. *Thank God.*

Chapter End Notes

The day of the Séance is officially set.

Counselling with Mr. Chilton

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello, Will Graham.” Mr. Chilton smiled with shark teeth. He had those hungry eyes set on the boy, intent on devouring his brain. The teenager awkwardly shuffled into the room and sighed softly. *He really did hate these counselling sessions.* He also thought the man’s obsession with him was a tad bit creepy. He did transfer from Baltimore Primary School to Baltimore High School the same year Will made the jump himself after all.

“Frederick.” Will grinned pleasantly enough with challenge in his eyes. Mr. Chilton’s jaw ticked with annoyance at not being addressed by his last name.

Mr. *Chilton* cleared his throat. “Please, take a seat.”

Will did so with deep regret, unable to see that Hannibal too sat on the spare chair to his right. The teenager’s gaze drifted to the window behind the man and his eyes misted over. He was fishing now by the lake near his house, far away from this irritating counsellor.

“How are you feeling today, Will?” Mr. Chilton started with his usual generic question.

Hannibal scoffed to himself at the textbook manner Mr. Chilton conducted his sessions.

Will gave his usual perfunctory response of “Fine.”

Mr. Chilton sighed heavily and rubbed his eyes. He then leaned forward and clasped the boy’s hands. Hannibal’s eyes ticked with barely concealed rage at the rather intimate gesture.

“You know this is a safe place, Will.” The counsellor's voice was gentle as he tried to placate the boy. “No one will know anything you have told me. It's all confidential.”

The teenager gave the man a skeptical look. *Did he really think Will was stupid enough to believe that those extensive notes he took weren’t going to be used to benefit his career in one way or another? Please! The man basically pulsated with the need to succeed in life.*

“Very well.” Mr. Chilton bristled. “Why don’t we start our session by talking about Alana Bloom?”

Will was instantly wary. “Why?”

“She came to me earlier this week to report some rather distressing news.”

The teenager clenched his jaw. He knew exactly where this conversation was heading and he did not like it one bit.

“You never told me you were sexually attracted to your fictional creation.” Mr. Chilton scolded. “That’s key to your therapy!”

Hannibal's eyebrows rose with interest. He rather liked this topic.

Will spluttered loudly with a bright blush. "I wouldn't say that I want him like *that."*

"No? How would you describe your feelings for him then?" The counsellor countered ruthlessly.

"I don't know!"

"You don't know?" Mr. Chilton tsked. "We will get nowhere if you don't start divulging the truth."

"Fine!" Will hissed. "I think he's handsome, okay! There, I said it! I always thought he was pretty when I was younger and now I think he is -*was* - hot! Is that what you want to hear?!"

Mr. Chilton's answering smile put Will on edge. He bent over and began scribbling frantically on his expensive paper with a fountain pen.

"So, would you identify as bisexual or gay?" Mr. Chilton pressed.

The teenager's eyes narrowed with fury. "That is *none* of your business."

Hannibal too glared daggers at the man's face. The ghost did not like the counsellor nor his intense interest in his boy. He was like an annoying fly he desperately wanted to swat.

"Thank you, Will." The man's eyes gleamed like the cat that got the cream. Will inwardly cringed, knowing he would regret his slip up in the future.

"It would make sense that you're attracted to your own hallucinations, given that you created them with what you like in mind." The counsellor noted while tapping his pen. He then shifted through his huge folder on Will.

"I reread your file last night and came across some rather interesting information." Mr. Chilton explained as his fingers drifted down the wrinkled pages before finally resting on a sentence highlighted in a paragraph. The teenager inwardly shuddered at the thought of those beady, little eyes pouring over his life story with weird fascination.

"Your father states that your first word was Hanni." Mr. Chilton leaned forward with rapt attention. "Tell me more about that."

The ghost's lips parted in a fond smile as he recalled that particular memory. *He could not remember the last time he had been that happy.*

"I already told you that Hannibal had been with me my whole life until that day happened." Will spat through gritted teeth. He had literally repeated the same thing a hundred times.

"It would be difficult for your mind to concoct such an elaborate creation at such a young age." Mr. Chilton's voice was excited as he stumbled along a newfound thought. "That is why I believe you met Hannibal some time in your life. It might have been a man passing

you and your father on the street or a next door neighbor you had in another place. I believe you then sculptured his personality to your liking."

"You think I took the image of some random guy and made him into Hannibal?" Will laughed loudly. "That's ridiculous!"

"Yes, that is what I believe." Mr. Chilton snipped. "Do you have a better theory, Will?"

Will glared at him.

"Thought so." The counsellor smirked smugly. "I also agree with Alana Bloom. Any drawings or journal entries of Hannibal will only hinder your progress so I have taken the liberty of contacting your father. He is clearing out your room of all reminders of the fictional being as we speak."

Will jumped to his feet, knocking his chair backwards in the process. He was beyond angry even though he knew that his father would find nothing. His own personal sanctuary had been invaded and that was unforgivable. The teenager pressed his hands onto the man's desk and leaned forward which caused the counsellor to flinch.

"You have no right!" Will sneered furiously, face pinched together with rage. "No *fucking* right!"

"That is where you are wrong, Will." Mr. Chilton's voice was condescending as he looked down at the teenager as if he were a small child. "You will find that I have every right to do that and more. So it would be wise to remain cooperative with me during your counselling sessions."

"You want to know more about Hannibal? Fine!" Will roared, hands tugging at his brown curls in open aggravation. "He would have absolutely *despised* you! He would have found your tacky fumblings with my brain an insult to my intellect! He would have hated the way you crave success and prestige like your lungs crave air! He would have found your routine questions bland and distasteful!"

"Detention." Mr. Chilton snapped, feeling rather offended.

"For what?!" Will was incredulous. "The truth!"

"For smart mouthing your superiors."

"Don't insult me." Will's voice was deceptively soft when compared to the fiery rage he felt within. "You're not my superior. How could you be when you're not even my equal?"

The room was deadly quiet and positively swimming with tension. The silence was broken by slow, gentle applause.

"Well done, Will." Hannibal's eye shone with pride as he looked down at his boy. "Well done."

He decided Will deserved a gift for his efforts. As the ghost watched Mr. Chilton jolt down more notes at a frightening pace, he knew with certainty what it should be.

***

Later that night, Mr. Chilton heard a strange noise as he rummaged through his fridge for leftovers. The man straightened immediately and shut the door. He followed the scuttling to his home office, only to find pages of his work were slowly being thrown into the roaring flames of his fireplace by some invisible force.

“Hey!” Mr. Chilton snapped as he reached out to intercept another floating page. “Cut that out!”

He glanced down, surprised and infuriated to find that it was detailed notes on his favourite patient, Will Graham. The counsellor then froze as reality caught up with him. His notes were floating in midair. *Something wasn’t right.* The logical part of his brain stirred Mr. Chilton into action. The man began looking for fishing wire or something, *anything* to explain how the hell this was happening.

“Ah Frederick, I would say it is a pleasure to properly meet you but alas that would be lying.” A deep accented voice drawled from the far corner of the room. The ghost was seated quite comfortably on one of the man’s plush office chairs.

“W-who’s there?” The counsellor whirled around, he hastily scrambled for the phone on his desk and raised it threateningly. “Get out before I call the police!”

“Do you honestly believe the police force could prevent my actions?” Hannibal hissed with a low and malicious chuckle that made Mr. Chilton’s hairs stand on end.

“Who *are* you?!” The man repeated again, voice quivering with fear.

“Frankly, I am rather offended.” The ghost spoke quietly as he slowly approached the man. He allowed his footsteps to be heard on the creaky floorboards to further instill terror in his prey. “I would assume that you of all people would be quite educated about my person, considering that you and Will exchange information about me so often.”

“Oh God!” Mr. Chilton’s eyes widened with the realization, entire body convulsing with shivers. “Y-you’re *real*.”

“Indeed I am and a part of you always suspected I was. Otherwise you never would have been able to hear my voice.” Hannibal paused, allowing his words to settle. “Do you what that makes you, Frederick? A *liar* and I do so very detest liars.”

“P-please.” Mr. Chilton begged in a high, frightened tone. “I’ll do anything! Just leave me alone! You want Will, you can have him!”

“Oh Frederick,” Hannibal scorned the pathetic creature, “you cannot offer me something that is already mine.”

And with those final words, Hannibal pushed the counsellor into the fiery blaze inside his fireplace. The ghost patiently held Mr. Chilton still as the flames licked his skin from his bones and the tortured screams tampered off into helpless whimpers, desperate cries and eventually nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Damn it Alana, look what you did.

Gathering the Supplies

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update. Life has been pretty hectic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Candles." Hannibal stated.

"Ah, shit!" Mason swore as his upper body jerked in shock. The shopping basket in his lap almost dropped to the floor and he hastily pulled it to his chest. Usually, his family had workers who did the shopping for them but considering the strange things Mason had to obtain, he decided to do it himself. He would rather die of shame before someone told his father that he was shopping at *Ghosts, Ghouls and Demons.*

"You need to purchase candles to perform the ritual." Hannibal repeated with a terse tone. Mason stared at the variety of wax sticks that sat towards the top of the shelves, just out of his reach. He let out a groan of aggravation.

"Stop bloody popping up out of nowhere with no warning!" Mason objected hotly.

"And how exactly do you suggest I alert you of my presence given that you cannot see me?" The ghost questioned blandly. *He was so tired of conversing with idiotic simpletons. Even Will Graham as a young boy had much more interesting things to say.* Hannibal could only imagine how intellectually challenging the conversations would be now that Will had matured and grown as a person.

The ghost was broken out of his thoughts by Mason's musings, "Maybe I should get you a bell."

"Maybe I should provide you with a noose." Hannibal retaliated shortly.

"Okay, fine. No bell!" Mason snarked before muttering under his breath. "Geee, sensitive much."

The Verger heir then turned his attention back to the task at hand. He stretched his arms as far as they would go but still could not reach the candles.

"Damn it!" He shouted, rubbing his aching arms.

"Why not ask Freddie for assistance shopping?" Hannibal suggested impatiently. *He had waited nine years for this and he did not want to waste more time dallying about in shopping centres.*

“And damage my reputation by hanging around a wannabe journalist?” Mason chuckled. “No, thank you.”

The ghost breathed out deeply and pinched his nose with his forefinger and thumb to calm himself down. He then proceeded to study the many candles on display before them. He rather liked the elegant white ones, long and slender. They would burn for as long as necessary. They also appeared to be the most expensive set available. Hannibal picked them up with his hands and gently pushed them over the edge of the shelf so they appeared to “accidentally” fall into Mason’s lap.

“Oh,” Mason breathed, staring at the now still packet with fear, “that’s weird.”

“Time to move along, Mason.” Hannibal beckoned him with a tug on his wheelchair. The teenager tensed at the contact, remembering all too well what happened the last time those hands came near him.

When they reached a table specializing in Ouija boards, Hannibal examined them carefully. *He wanted the very best. After all, this was the item that would bridge the gap between two lost souls after so long*. He selected the most grand one available. A beautiful oak piece with a classic yet elegant design. The letters were engraved meticulously by hand.

“Please pick up the one hundred and fifty dollar Ouija board composed of oak wood.” Hannibal instructed.

“Which one?” Mason questioned as he squinted his eyes. “They all look the same to me.”

The ghost sighed heavily before grabbing Mason’s hand with his own. He scrunched up his nose in distaste at the sweaty feel of his palm.

The teenager jerked his arm towards his chest protectively. “Hey, wait a minute! I thought Will was the boy you were obsessed with!” He sniffed daintily. “Besides, not just anyone can touch a Verger.”

“I am guiding you towards the board we will use.” Hannibal calmly spoke and tried again. This time, Mason allowed himself to be directed to the correct piece of equipment. Hannibal rolled Mason’s wheelchair closer for him and after careful maneuvering they had both the board and candles in the basket. They then moved through the small shop looking for incense.

“Is there a reason why you're choosing the most expensive stuff?” Mason’s voice was dry and unimpressed.

“Yes, I prefer to use good quality items.” The ghost retorted with a drawl. “Why do you ask? Will I break your father’s bank account?”

The teenager narrowed his eyes. “You know damn well us Vergers are richer than anyone else in Baltimore!”

“Good, then it should not be a problem.” Hannibal hummed as he examined a packet of incense sticks. A few moments later and they fell inconspicuously into the basket.

The ghost nodded in affirmation after critically studying the items they had collected. “I think we have finished.”

Mason then wheeled himself over to the counter to make the purchases. The bill totaled at $284.75. The teenager appeared rather reluctant to part with the money. He didn’t like buying things for other people. He was selfish like that. Once they left the store, the teenager fumbled to hide the plastic bag with a tacky picture of a ghost on the front from the public.

“Hi Mason!” The teenager flinched at the sudden exclamation of his name. He massaged his heart with a glare. *Honestly, one of these days he was going to have a heart attack.*

The glower instantly disappeared when he saw the owner of the voice. Mason ducked his head and prayed the ghost hadn’t noticed his reaction to his precious Will.

“Hey, Will.” Mason nodded his head in what he hoped looked like a cool and relaxed manner when he felt anything but that. “What’s up?”

“Nothing much. Alana and I are just getting some snacks for a movie night.” There was something odd in Will’s tone, a strange kind of tension. Mason glanced at his companion. Alana had her jaw set and her eyes were hard in that stubborn way of hers. *Uh oh, trouble in paradise. Hannibal must be loving this.*

The ghost was indeed “loving this” and eagerly watching the pair interact.

“Will?” Alana hissed lowly, positioning her body in a way that blocked the wheelchair bound teenager from view. “Why are you talking to Mason?”

“Because…..” Will floundered for a second as if he himself wasn’t all that sure. He finally settled on, “We’ve come to an understanding.”

“What kind of understanding?” Alana’s voice was sharp as a knife. “He hurt *you,* hurt *us*.”

“Alana,” The teenage boy was exasperated as he gestured towards Mason, “just look at him. Does he seem like he’s capable of hurting anyone now?”

“So, you’re just going to forget everything he did?” She raised an incredulous eyebrow. “He punched you in the face. Don’t be an idiot, Will!”

The teenager, whose rage had been steadily building up for weeks now, finally exploded. “Well that’s just rich coming from you! You’re the one who always says I should let go of the past!”

“Hannibal is not in the past. Something has to be *real* to be in the past.”

The ghost let out an aggravated noise. “That statement is becoming increasingly annoying and repetitive.”

Mason, meanwhile, was growing very uncomfortable being in the centre of this argument.

“Just shut up, Alana! Just shut up! You think you’re helping me but you’re not! You only make everything worse!” Will scowled, hands curling into fists at his side.

“What?” Alana frowned uncomprehendingly. “What are you talking about?”

“You told Mr. Chilton about what happened when we kissed!” The teenager’s cheeks burned with shame at the memory. “I *trusted* you and you went and *told* him.”

“Will.” Alana’s eyes softened as she reached out for him. “Come on, you know it had to be done.”

“No.” Will shook his head, lips pressed into a tight line. “It didn’t.”

He pulled his arm away from her grasp and turned his back on her.

“Yes.” Hannibal muttered. “Yes, Will. Do not let her walk all over you.”

“Will!” Alana called out to his retreating form. “Where are you going?!”

“Back home to my alcoholic dad.” Will sneered. “Right now, I’d rather be around him than you.”

“Don’t do this!” Alana shouted desperately, anger rising deep within her. “I’m your only friend. If you push me away, you’ll have no one!”

Will paused and let out a bitter chuckle. “Friend? Please Alana. You don’t even know what the word means.”

Will didn't look back as he continued on his way home. Alana let out a loud growl of irritation and stamped her foot before storming off.

“Well....” Mason cleared this throat uncomfortably. “That was awkward.”

“On the contrary, I thought it was quite brilliant.”

“Of course you did.” Mason grumbled, returning the bag from its hiding spot behind his wheelchair and shaking its contents. “Why are we doing this anyway?”

“I believe the séance should give me the power to communicate with Will even though he no longer believes in me. Once his faith is restored, all will be righted and I will no longer have use for such petty devices.”

“What if it doesn’t work?” Mason countered.

“I will attempt other forms of communication.”

“You're pretty damn determined, I’ll give you that.” Mason admitted with what sounded like barely concealed admiration.

“I have remarkable patience if I deem the cause worthy.”

“And Will Graham is a worthy cause?” Mason scoffed loudly. “*Please!* He dresses like a homeless person and is constantly moody. I don’t think I’ve ever even seen him smile!”

Hannibal’s lips pursed as he turned furious maroon eyes onto the unsuspecting Verger heir. The wheelchair jerked wildly.

“Hey!” Mason hissed.

It jostled again, rougher this time. The bag full of their recent purchases fell off his lap.

“Knock it off!” The teenager snapped.

The wheelchair tipped dangerously to the left, precariously standing on one wheel. It was about to tumble over.

“Okay, okay!” Mason gushed with renewed urgency. “I’m sorry! Will’s a lovely guy, truly!”

Hannibal hummed his accent and backed away from Mason.

The Verger heir turned his face into the collar of his shirt to conceal his grin. “I mean, I guess Will’s *not* that bad looking. I bet he’d look real good in a fitted suit and with contacts.” Mason fanned himself with one hand and pretended to swoon. “Especially lately! Has he been lifting weights because somethings growing under those t-shirts?”

The wheelchair flipped over, sprawling Mason all over the pavement.

“Shit!” Mason swore. “Come on, man!”

Hannibal slowly took off his blazer and meticulously rolled up the sleeves of his long sleeve t-shirt. He then flexed his fingers as he stalked the pitiful teenage boy trying to crawl away from him using his arms alone. The ghost was nowhere near done.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is the Séance!

The Séance: Part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal paced back and fourth in Freddie's lounge room with his hands behind his back. He was feeling uncharacteristically anxious.

"Will you stop all that pacing! You're making me bloody nervous just listening to it!" Mason groaned into his hands that rested over his face. He had pulled himself onto Freddie's sofa and was now sprawled rather rudely all over the surface. His shoe clad feet were even touching the pristine white pillows. Hannibal inwardly shuddered. *Usually, he would have reprimanded Mason by now but he did not want to aggravate the teenage boy. He wanted everything to go smoothly.* There was a series of knocks that made Mason jump.

"Freddie!" He shouted. "Will's here!"

"Go and get the door then!" Freddie retorted as she rustled through the kitchen drawers for the familiar sight of a pack of matches. *Thanks a lot mum. Seriously, of all the times to move things around it had to be tonight.* She jabbed her finger on a sharp knife and released a string of curses. "Ow!"

"I can't do it!" Mason whined. "It's too hard for me to get up!"

Freddie muttered something about lazy, rich snobs as she rushed to the door. She threw it open and beckoned him in. Will's mouth dropped open at the sight of her and her red hair that was beginning to frizz from her stressful tugs. He remembered Freddie's undeniable hatred of him and felt instantly uncomfortable.

"U-um, I didn't know you were going to be here." Will stuttered as he stared down at his feet. He jerked over his shoulder with his thumb. "Maybe I should just go?"

"No!" Mason, Freddie and Hannibal all yelled in unison. Will's eyes widened fearfully as though he were a deer about to bolt. *Not good.*

"I mean please don't leave." Freddie tried and failed to hide the desperation from her voice as she clutched onto him. "I'm sorry for everything I put you through over these years. It was cruel of me and I regret it. You did nothing to deserve it. I was just having a rough time of things." *Those things mainly being your stupid ghost boyfriend.*

"Okay." Will was completely bewildered. *This was turning out to be a rather strange week what with Mason and Freddie being so nice to him.* "I forgive you."

The teenager breathed an audible sigh of relief. A hurt Will would lead to an unhappy Hannibal and as Freddie was beginning to learn from direct experience, nothing was worse than an unhappy ghost.

She grabbed Will's hand and lead him in. Freddie quickly dropped it, however, when she heard a low accentuated growl. *Okay then, no touching Will unnecessarily.*

Will stumbled into the lounge room, instantly noticing the small table surrounded by two cushioned chairs and a sofa. There was a strange wooden item resting in the center and it was surrounded by three candles. Numerous other candles also decorated the room.

"Will!" Mason cheered and Will did a double take when his eyes fell on the teenager. He had a swollen, puffy, black eye and his arms were littered with blue and purple bruises. It looked like he had gotten into a rather nasty fight. *What kind of sick asshole would hurt a man in a wheelchair?*

Mason took no notice of Will's reaction and instead gestured to the two available chairs. "Come, have a seat. We're about to get started."

"Right," Will trailed off suspiciously as he eyed the strange materials, "and what exactly are we doing?"

"Well, you see….." Mason trailed off and scratched his head in contemplation of a good excuse.

"Mason wants to contact a deceased relative." Freddie pitched in as she reentered the room. Her left hand clutched the packet of matches victoriously. "His Aunt Vanessa."

"Oh." Will shifted uncomfortably. "So we are holding a séance?"

"Essentially, yes." Freddie nodded as she bent towards the table. "Please sit down."

Will quickly sat on one of the wooden chairs and watched as Freddie struck a match against the side of the match box, sparking a fire. She then walked around the room and carefully lit all the candles which included the three surrounding the Ouija board.

"Shouldn't Mason be doing this with his family?" Will wondered aloud.

"Yeah right." Mason's scoff tampered into a yelp as his arm stung with an invisible smack. "What I mean is my family aren't very superstitious. They don't believe in this ghost shit."

"And you do?" Will raised a dubious eyebrow.

"You have no idea, Will." Mason's eyes were suddenly wide and crazed as he grabbed onto the teenager's arm and pulled him closer. "No *fucking* idea."

"Mason," Freddie whispered softly, "that's enough."

Will felt panic stir deep in his chest. Mason looked dead serious and terrified. He pulled his arm away roughly, causing Mason to lose his balance and tumble off the sofa with a groan. Will, instantly feeling guilty, helped the teenager back onto the couch.

"Sorry." His spluttered apology didn't matter for the other boy couldn't hear him. Mason's face was slack and he was far away in his thoughts. Freddie flicked off the lights which made

Will jump.

“Okay.” The red headed teenager announced as she took her seat. “Let’s begin.”

She placed her finger on the planchette resting on the Ouija board. Freddie then gestured to the rest to do the same, even grabbing Will’s hand in her haste and resting it on the wooden piece. The boy’s mind flashed back to his strange computer search history earlier in the week and his skin prickled. He hastily pulled his hand back.

“Maybe we shouldn’t do this.” Will protested weakly as he wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans.

Mason and Freddie exchanged horrified looks. *There was no way they could deal with Hannibal for another day.*

“Please, Will.” Mason pleaded as he fluttered his eyes at the other male. “My Aunt Vivienne was also in a wheelchair. That’s why I’m contacting her for advice. She's the only person I can ask.”

Will’s eyes softened considerably, allowing the other two to grab onto his hand and direct him back to the board. He stiffened and Freddie and Mason looked nervously at one another. “Hang on, wasn’t her name Aunt Vanessa?”

“Vanessa, Vivienne same thing.” Mason waved off with a careless shrug. Freddie could sense they were losing control of the situation.

“Let’s begin.” She quickly stated and closed her eyes. Freddie, even though knowing it was rather dodgy, had learnt all that she could about conducting séances from the internet last night. She prayed to God that this worked.

Will started sniffing the room suspiciously. “Is that incense? Ugh, I hate incense! It makes my nose itchy. I think I might be allergic to it.”

Mason’s mouth twitched with amusement. Freddie cleared her throat loudly.

"In the name of God and Jesus Christ, please protect us from the forces of Evil during this session. Let there be nothing but Light surrounding this Board and its participants and let us only communicate with Powers and Entities of The Light.” Freddie spoke ominously. Will struggled not to laugh while Mason looked around with growing dread. *Could they possibly summon a ghost worse than Hannibal?* The thought made the Verger heir feel sick.

“Okay.” Freddie nodded to herself determinedly. First stage was completed: the protection spell.

“Hello, is there anyone there?” Freddie asked with confidence.

A couple of moments of silence passed before Hannibal uttered weakly, “I can’t move it.”

“What?” Freddie whispered quietly.

“You summoned only ghosts of the light, Ms Lounds. I am not what one would call a pure entity with good intentions.” He replied dryly.

“Whoops.” Freddie muttered embarrassedly. “Sorry.”

“Let’s start again,” Freddie announced with a flourish, “ghosts of any kind, can you hear me?”

Hannibal leaned forward and pushed as hard as he could on the planchette. It moved a fraction. Will raised an unimpressed eyebrow.

“Will does not believe in me enough and his negative energy is making it difficult for me to move objects and communicate with him.” Hannibal affirmed.

“So, what now?”

“It is time for you to do what you do best. Over exaggerate the truth and create drama.” Hannibal spoke grimly, ignoring her affronted squawk. “We need to deceive him into thinking supernatural activity is occurring.”

Freddie rolled her eyes. *She knew something like this would happen.* She discreetly pulled the remote control to the air conditioner out of her pocket and turned it on. It quietly opened, spilling a cool breeze over them. She then knocked the edge of the table with her foot. Mason, the fool, flinched on the sofa.

“W-what was that?!” Mason’s voice trembled with fear. “What’s going on?!”

He really should have been paying more attention to Hannibal and Freddie’s conversation. *Ah well. This will make it more believable.*

“It’s getting cold.” Will noted as he rubbed his arms.

“Do you guys feel that?” Freddie’s tone was urgent as she worriedly bit her lip. *Honestly, she deserved an Oscar for this performance.* “I think I feel a presence among us.”

Will’s mouth grew dry. His mind flashing back again to his computer screen and the search *How to contact ghosts?*

The planchette twitched more strongly. Freddie, Will and Mason looked down in surprise. The red headed teenager looked over at Will and watched the shift in his eyes. She could practically see the wheels turning in his brain. Then the planchette flew across the board. The three let out a gasp. This was all Hannibal now. Slowly the words HELLO WILL were spelled out.

“Erm, hi Aunt Vanessa.” Will squeaked with terror.

NOT HER. Hannibal’s fingers trembled with anticipation. This was the closest he had gotten to communication with Will in nine years and he was ecstatic.

The ghost felt his strength returning. He began moving around the room, knocking over books off the bookshelves and tipping over potted plants. Freddie frowned at the mess while Will started letting out small distressed sounds. Meanwhile, Mason was going mental on the couch and fearfully hiding his head under a pillow.

“Will, it is okay.” Hannibal’s voice was soft and soothing. However, it still remained unheard. The ghost frowned and felt guilt claw at his insides, an unfamiliar emotion with him. *He did not wish to frighten Will, only make his presence known.*

DO NOT BE SCARED. He wrote. I MEAN NO HARM.

“Oh, that’s good.” Will sighed with relief. He still felt tense and on edge. This was such a surreal experience.

Hannibal was so close he could taste victory. He could interact with Will but he still couldn't talk to him and the teenager still couldn't see him.

The ghost took a deep breath. I NEED YOU TO BELIEVE WILL.

He then reached out and rested a cautious hand on Will's shoulder. Hannibal’s heart stopped when he felt it. *He actually felt warmth and muscle*. Will jumped at the touch. He turned around with wide and frantic eyes.

“I do! I do believe!” His voice was high pitched and nervous now as he glanced around the room.

NOT IN GHOSTS, Hannibal spelled with the planchette, IN ME.

Freddie was holding her breath. The tension in the air was so strong it was palpable.

“And who are you exactly?” Will inquired hesitantly, voice hoarse.

HANNIBAL LECTER.

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, duuuuuuuun.

I got the protection spell/ introductory prayer from here:
http://www.ghostvillage.com/ghostcommunity/index.php?showtopic=24784

The Séance: Part 2

Chapter Notes

> Previously, on The Very Bad Day:
>
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>
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> HANNIBAL LECTER.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will stood up so fast his chair fell over.

"What is this?!" He roared, fingers trembling as he pointed accusingly at the other teenagers. "Is this a game? A sick little game you two are playing?!"

"What?" Freddie was bewildered. "No! Of course not!"

"This is cruel, so fucking cruel!" Will hissed at Freddie and Mason. "It wasn't enough to nearly destroy me back in primary school! You've come back to finish the job, huh. Unbelievable! I should have listened to Alana. She was right not to trust you!"

"Will, this isn't a prank." Freddie insisted softly as she cautiously approached him. "Hannibal's been bothering us for weeks to do this. We were both wrong that day all those years ago. Hannibal was not an imaginary friend like you thought but you were right about him being real. He's a ghost. That's why he could touch you and you could see him."

"Shut up! Just shut up!" Will screamed with torment, his hands desperately clawing at his ears. "I can't do this anymore! I just can't! I was close, so close to getting over him! Things with Mr. Chilton were going well…." His eyes burned with rage. "But you had to ruin it, didn't you Freddie?! You always have to destroy my life!"

“It’s true, Will.” Mason muttered from the couch as he gestured down to his unmovable legs. “Did you really think I just fell down a flight of stairs and broke my back? Come on, I climb those God damn stairs every day! I knew what I was doing!”

“Stop it. This thing is over.” Will stated tiredly as he scrubbed at his face with his hands. “I've had enough.”

He spun around and headed towards the door. The teenager walked into an unmovable object and stumbled back.

“What the hell?” He grunted as he adjusted his glasses. Will squinted but saw nothing in his way. He took another step forward only to again crash into something invisible.

Will twisted around and growled at Freddie. “Cut it out!”

Freddie held her hands up innocently. “I’m not doing anything.”

Will huffed loudly but paused. Fingers wrapped around his wrist. The touch felt so familiar. He ran his own fingers cautiously over the thin digits and shut his eyes. He remembered that terrible day at the playground, being lead over to the other children by those hands.

“No.” Will pleaded.

“Yes.” Hannibal pushed his stubborn boy. Freddie watched nearby with a torn facial expression, unsure what to do.

Will was guided back over to the table, feebly struggling and fighting the entire way. The planchette began moving again. Will turned his face away, unable to see it. A palm on the side of his face gently forced his head forwards. Fingers brushed back his curls, gentle like so many times before.

“Will.” Freddie urged gently. “Look.*”*

Will shook his head. He couldn’t. *He had come so far in his therapy.*

“You have too.” Mason prodded, his voice muffled from where his head was once again hidden in the couch cushions. *Hypocrite*. “Come on, Will.”

The teenager shook his head more violently.

Then Freddie uttered the words that broke him. “Hanni needs you, Will.”

Will’s eyes flew open at the old nickname, memories bombarding him painfully. The planchette raced across the Ouija board in a continuous pattern, spelling out the same three words.

I AM REAL.

I AM REAL.

I AM REAL.

I AM REAL.

Will let out a groan and fell to his knees. He grabbed the Ouija board and clasped it to his chest in a tight embrace. Then he took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and let himself hope - to *again* believe.

Barely a second passed before a hand drifted over Will's own clutched to the wooden board.

"Will?" Hannibal spoke cautiously. The teenage boy's eyes flickered open with a gasp.

"Hannibal." The dumbfounded expression soon morphed into something else entirely as Will drunk in the sight of the ghost. Pure uncontainable joy poured from Will's heart as his mouth pulled into a grin so wide it physically hurt. His face, joyful and happy, had lost that dark and lost look. *He was finally home.* Will threw himself at Hannibal, burying his face into the ghost's neck. "You're real! I can't believe you're actually real!"

"I am." Hannibal affirmed with a smile as he wrapped his arms around his boy. It felt heavenly to have the ability to feel the reassuring weight and warmth once more.

"Where have you been all this time?!" Will exclaimed with a rising bitterness, feeling rather abandoned. Uncontrollable tears rolled down his cheeks, he was so overcome with emotion.

"Here, Will." Hannibal's maroon eyes glowed intensely. "I have always been right here, beside you."

"But I….." Will trailed off, feeling so very confused as he wiped at the water on his cheeks.

"You did not believe in me and therefore were not able to see me but I was able to observe you. I have watched you grow into such a fine, young man over the years." Hannibal praised, watching as Will's cheeks burned with a dark blush. "You made me so proud, darling."

"I missed you Hannibal, so much that it physically hurt." Will admitted, lower lip trembling as his voice caught on another sob. "Something broke inside of me when you left."

"Shh." Hannibal cooed as he stroked his hair soothingly. "It is okay. I am here now."

Will calmed down a couple moments later after shedding many more tears into Hannibal's pristine suit that never appeared to get creased or dirty.

The teenage boy stiffened with a sudden realization.

"When you said you've always been there watching me…." Will broke off, gaze falling to the floor with humiliation as he remembered what happened recently with Alana. *Oh God, this is so embarrassing.*

"If you are inquiring as to whether I witnessed you kissing Alana Bloom, then yes. I was present." Hannibal was blunt.

Will mumbled something incoherent into the man's suit.

"And if I am being brutally honest, the only reason she is currently alive right now is because you mentioned my name instead of hers."

Will glanced upwards, feeling optimistic when he should probably be feeling angry that an innocent life was almost in danger. "Really? You don't find it weird at all considering you kind of raised me."

"I never saw you as my son, Will." The ghost corrected immediately as he delicately cupped the boy's cheek. "Sons mature and flourish, leaving their parents behind. I never intended for you to outgrow me."

"What does that make you then?" Will whispered breathlessly.

"Whatever you desire me to be, dear Will." Hannibal's voice was fond as he bopped the boy on the nose. An act he often did when Will was still a small child. The teenager grinned at the action.

He leaned forward until his nose brushed the ghost's own. "I want you to be my everything."

Hannibal quite liked the sound of that and moved even closer to Will until they were inhaling the same air, lips millimeters from touching.

"Did something happen?" Mason suddenly questioned as he lifted his head up from the sofa, effectively breaking the moment. Will jumped away from the ghost with embarrassment.

"I don't know." Freddie was intensely frustrated as she tugged at her red hair. "Hannibal has somehow blocked me from hearing his voice. But from Will's side of the conversation, I'd say whatever's going on is pretty deep."

"Damn." Mason sounded disappointed. "All this work and what do we get?! Nothing! Not even front row tickets to the big reveal!"

He felt a pinch on the back of his neck.

"Ouch! Okay! It's fine!" Mason appeased with a high-pitched squeal. He then lowered his voice considerably as he grumbled. "Sadistic ghost."

"Does that mean we're finally free?" Freddie asked excitedly. "A deal's a deal after all."

The planchette moved, YES.

Freddie and Mason let out euphoric shouts and high-fived each other.

Freddie then hurriedly concluded the Séance, seeing no more need for the Ouija board. She turned on the lights and blew out all the candles.

"This calls for a celebration!" Mason cheered.

Will couldn’t agree more. After all, he had finally gotten what he had always wanted. He looked over at Hannibal, face crinkling with happiness.

Yes, Will decided to himself, *it had definitely been worth the nine year wait.*

Chapter End Notes

The End. Thanks for reading!

If you're interested in more ghost Hannibal and Will, this series also contains:

A prologue which goes through Hannibal and Will's first meeting.
An epilogue so if you're interested in ghost husbands keep on reading.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!